What ſhall I ſaie? to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloceſters death.
Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his miniſter.
Duch. Where then may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,
Duch. Why then I will; farewell olde Gaunt,
Thou goeſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our Cooſen Hereford and ſell Mowbray fight.
O ſet my husbands wronges on Herefords ſpeare,
That it may enter butchers Mowbraies breſt:
Or if miſfortune miſſe the firſt carier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome
That they may breake his foming courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſtes,
A caitiue recreant to my Cooſen Hereford,
Farewell old Gaunt, thy ſometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentry,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where is fals,
Not with the emptines, hollownes, but weights
I take my leaue before I haue begone,
For ſorrow endes not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, doe not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With all good ſpeede at Plaſhie viſite me,
Alacke and what ſhall good olde Yorke there ſee,
But empty lodgings and vnfurniſht walls,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden ſtones,
And what cheere there for welcome but my grones?
Therfore commend me, let him not come there,

To ſeeke out ſorrow that dwels euery where,
Deſolate deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eie. *Exeunt*

Enter Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armde?
Aum. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard and ſt
For nothing but his maieſties approach.
The trumpets ſound and the King enters with his nobles; w
they are ſet, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defend
King Marſhall demaunde of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings ſay who thou ar
And why thou comeſt thus knightly clad in armes,
Againſt what man thou comſt and what thy quarell,
Speake truly on thy knighthoode, and thy oth,
As ſo defend the heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norf
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defende a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales me,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A traitour to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Duke of Hereford
appellant in armour.

King Marſhall aske yonder Knight in armes,